

For Fuminori,
first Oscurian on Enascenia and peerless Player
because you gave me so much without asking anything in return
and even if you left us, you also left much in my soul.

For Daniele,
for being a true travel companion through the world of fantasy,
who can always make me smile,
the kind of companion you always want by your side.

Sample file

Sample file



Game Master's Guide

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Credits

Published by GG Studio

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Acknowledgements

Thank you to all players, supports, fans, intrigued readers... to all those who come to Enascentia. You have made me a valuable gift, that of your time, and you deserve at least to be thanked for this.



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Sample file



Chapter 1

Enascentia's Origins

In the beginning, there was a void. Absolute nothingness. A formless union of darkness and silence. Then, the first sounds, savage and merciless, and the first images tore apart that dark veil. A maelstrom of color and sound invaded and overwhelmed his mind, and encountered no resistance. Gradually, the noise gave way to silence; that which was blurred and confused became crystal clear.

Cold, wind, mountains. Those were the first concepts he brought into focus and connected them to those he already possessed. Confused, he had no memory of past actions or things he wished to accomplish. He was chilled to the bone, wind lashed ~~against~~ his body, mountains surrounded him. And snow. Snow ruled over everything. It heralded the cold, rode the wind, owned the mountains.

Nyuzhe took his first hesitant steps away from the smooth round stone on which he was standing and sank into the snow that covered everything ~~on~~ that strange stone. So perfect in its simplicity, it was the only thing the white ruler of these ~~pieces~~ could not dominate. He felt the bite of the cold again. His clothing was not suitable for this ~~place~~ and he had no idea why he was there. He pushed his long black hair away from his eyes, but ~~all~~ he could see around him were mountains and snow. And a single figure wrapped in heavy ~~parts~~ furs, with long black hair flowing over his shoulders and a halberd in each hand. The stranger threw one halberd at his feet; his movement was so natural, casual and effortless that the ~~one~~ weapon must have been made of a light material.

"Pick it up!"

"Who...?" The word erupted from his lips, thunderous, deep and so grim, and shocked him into silence. He was hearing the sound of his voice for the first time, and he liked it.

"Who are you to address your words to me as if you were my peer?" His lips—and his body—were growing numb with cold, and his tone was less intimidating than he hoped it would be. But he would have time later to deal with this.

"You're wrong!" Yes, that was the tone he was looking for: curt and sharp. He really had trained himself well. "I'm not your equal, not at all."

"Good. At least we're making things clear from the start. Come on, throw me a fur."

"I'm not your equal. I'm superior to you in everything." The stranger gripped his halberd with both hands and turned its blade toward the Newly Generated. "Pick it up. I'm not going to repeat myself."

"What if I don't?"

"You will." The stranger threw himself screaming at Nyuzhe. He was frozen to the core, not because of the snow, but because of the fear growing in his heart. It soon turned to panic, fueled by each new step of the armed madman until it became sheer terror. It finally took hold of him, and his opponent's prediction soon came true because his hands locked onto the halberd, which was anything but light.

Its weight was unfamiliar; he couldn't remember ever brandishing one before, but he thought—knew—he could use it. It did not matter, in any case, because if he could not use it, he would soon be dead. After his opponent's first lunge, however, he was still alive, still wielding the weapon,

which he was using skillfully, parrying blows with relative ease. He was certainly going to examine this newfound talent of his in depth. Metal screamed against metal; it cut through the air with a hiss, and the wood flexed with each lunge, but his strikes were repelled masterfully by his challenger. Then the fur-clad stranger struck him.

Luckily for Nyuzhe, the omnipresent layer of snow was the target, not him. Astonished, he stared at the snow melting around the halberd's gleaming blade. He could not understand how or when it happened, but the blade was now white-hot, and he could hear a faint buzzing sound coming from it. The two men studied each other, on guard. The snow never managed to settle on the blade because it turned into steam before it could even touch it. The wind was still lashing against them both, like thousands of needles sinking into every inch of exposed skin. The Newly Generated's expression clearly indicated his acute discomfort, and his opponent was quick to notice.

"Enough. You know how to fight."

"You bet I do!"

"ENOUGH!"

Nyuzhe did not kneel consciously; his body did it for him. Every fiber of his body surrendered immediately, almost reflexively. It was not even terror driving him now; his will had simply shattered like crystal.

"There's a time for arrogance, novice, and a time for humility."

Nyuzhe could hear the man but could not look at him because he could not move a single muscle.

"For now, embrace yourself with humility. You'll know when it's time to indulge in the former."

No matter how hard Nyuzhe tried, he could find no words. Using all his strength for a single movement, he managed to nod.

"Good. You're a fast learner. I had to kick the last one into the river." That was certainly not an enticing prospect. "As I was saying, you can fight, which is good. You also seem to be quick-thinking and you listen. You'd be surprised how many don't know even how to do this. So, young man, try to best exploit your talent and keep those appendages on either side of your skull well open. You're a Janah. Like me and your kin, you've been generated for one purpose only: to fight. And to always keep your head high wherever you go. You'll set goals for yourself and face obstacles, and you'll achieve the first and overcome the latter most of the time. Savor your victories and learn from your defeats...you won't find better teachers." The snow was settling once more on the halberd's blade. "That's not all, though. What's your name, novice?"

"Nyuzhe, sir." Until he heard the sound of his voice, he was not sure if he could move his lips yet.

"You aren't alone in that hard skin of yours, Newly Generated. You'll never be alone. The body of a Janah holds two distinct entities joined at the Genesis. I'm now speaking through the first entity, the most moderate one that deals with appearances, but inside me—and you—there's also an uncontrollable presence, whose hunger knows no limits, an indomitable spirit that will lead you to your most arduous victories.

"Get to know your other self, Nyuzhe. Let it surface from time to time, let it decide for you both occasionally. Once you two become good friends, nothing will stop you. Until then, however, be cautious when you approach him. Come, cover yourself."

The stranger threw Nyuzhe a blanket, and he picked it up with trembling hands. He shook the snow off before immersing himself into its long-awaited warmth...which actually took a little longer to take effect.

"We will now go to the village, down in the valley, and I'll teach you a menial job. You will hunt for food, carry out the tasks I give you and learn how to make your two entities talk to each other. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, master, it is."